Out of those many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay liue to come in my behalfe:
Aga. What wouldſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?
Calc. You haue a Troian priſoner cald *Antenor*,
Yeſterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you thankes therefore)
Deſird my *Creſſed* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd, but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires:
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike of all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither, *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you farely for this enterchange,
Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,
Bee anſwered in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit,*

Achilles *and* Patro *ſtand in their tent.*

Vli. *Achilles* ſtands ith entrance of his tent,
Pleaſe it our generall paſſe ſtrangely by him:
As if he were forgot, and princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him,
I will come laſt, tis like heele queſtion mee.
Why ſuch vnpaulſiue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,
If ſo I haue deriſion medecinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangnes and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke,
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe,
To ſhow it ſelfe but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.
Aga. Weele execute your purpoſe and put on,

A forme

A forme of ſtrangneſſe as we pas along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not
Or els diſdaynfully, which ſhall ſhake him more:
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What comes the generall to ſpeake with mee?
You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.
Aga. What ſaies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?
Neſt. Would you my Lord ought with the generall.
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing my Lord:
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day:
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What do's the Cuckould ſcorne me?
Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?
Aiax. Ha:
Achil Good morrow. *Exeunt.*
Aiax. I and good next day too.
Ach. What meane theſe fellowes know they not *Achilles*?
Patro. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vſ'd to creep, to holy aultars:
Achil. What am I poore of late?
Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men to, what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, ritches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit
Which when they fall as being ſlipery ſtanders,
The loue that lean'd on them as ſlipery too,
Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall
But tis not ſo with mee,
Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy: